

## THE McFARLAND CASE

## Mrs. Richardson's Story.

NEW YORK, May 10.

The Tribune will print a statement of Mrs. Albert D. Richardson, written not, she says, for her own vindication, but for sake of the noble men and women who have stood by her through all revellings, often without explanation from her, and always in full faith she was cruelly wronged, and for his sake, who lost his life in her behalf. Mrs. Richardson says she married Daniel McFarland in 1857, he representing himself at the time to be a member of the bar at Madison, Wisconsin, with a flourishing practice, brilliant political prospects and personal property to the amount of \$20,000 to \$30,000. He also professed to be of temperate habits, the purest morals, and previous to the marriage appeared neither intemperate nor brutal. During the bridal tour he borrowed money to get back to the West.

In New York he kept her three or four weeks, and then taking all the jewelry she had to the pawnbroker's to pay the board bill, sent her home to her father, in New Hampshire. For fourteen days she never heard from him.

She says he was intemperate, terribly profane, fitful temper, and for slight cause would not speak to her for days.

During all this time 1868 she was oppressed always with want of money, and with great difficulty got a scanty wardrobe for her baby, which was born in December. In November her sister visited her. McFarland took her to a matinee at a theatre and returned at the close of the matinee grossly intoxicated, made love to her, and in his drunken foolishness frightened her exceedingly.

Early in the spring of '69 she went home again, and her baby died, and her father paid the funeral expenses. In July she returned to McFarland. With a heart sorely bruised, she was less able to bear the brutality and violence of his temper. His treatment was so bad she went back to her father in October, and remained till August, 1860.

In fall of 1862 and year 1863, they lived at 58 Varick street. She was then studying hard, and supporting both him and herself. He would lock himself up in a room with her, threaten to take poison and make her take it, snatch up her scissors, and tearing open his breast, would brandish them about, swearing he would let out his heart's blood, and told her he kept loaded pistols with which he would at any moment shoot her.

One morning during the winter, after McFarland had been out nearly all night in drunken orgies, he struck her a blow across the face, which made her reel backward.

He sometimes approached her with hands extended, fingers bent like claws, as if he were about to clutch her throat and strangle her, and would say, "Your life is bound sometime to end in tragedy," or "How I should like to strangle you," and was only restrained because she looked at him without saying a word.

In the winter of 1864-5 they were Mr. Sinclair's near neighbors. One night McFarland came home so bruised and bleeding from a street brawl—a not uncommon occurrence—she was obliged to call on Mr. Sinclair for aid in getting him to bed. She kept him in bed a week, and brought meals to him herself.

From the spring of 1865 to the fall of 1864, McFarland sent her home three times and moved her to eight different boarding-houses.

At last, in the fall of 1864, Mr. Sinclair offered him, rent free, his unoccupied farmhouse on the Hudson river, where they stayed all winter.

She went on with the readings, and with the money saved thereby went to her father's; and leaving the children with her mother she gave other readings, and with the money paid the physician who attended her at Danny's birth, now 18 months old.

I gave all the readings I could. I did all my own house work. When at home I took faithful care of my children, but often sank into such utter despondency of heart as only God knows and can pity when he sees the poor human soul sinking under it.

In April, 1868, Mrs. Sinclair and some friends arranged for a reading at Steinway's rooms, the proceeds of which were more than \$150. McFarland abused her violently for giving this reading, got grossly intoxicated and kept all but \$25 of the money, with which he paid her fare and the children's to her father's house.

The history of her acquaintance with Mrs. Calhoun is given, as also the engagement at Winter's Garden, together with the letter in which she told the story of her married life to Mrs. Calhoun.

Mrs. Richardson then passed to a review of her acquaintance with Mr. Richardson, and his connection with her case. Up to the time of his coming to room at the same house in Amity street, their acquaintance had been very slight and formal.

Up to the 20th of January, 1867, her acquaintance with Richardson consisted solely of two calls, at the request of her husband, to solicit his (Richardson's) aid in getting McFarland a place in the employ of the Pacific Railroad Company.

I saw him often and he did me many kindnesses. There was never, prior to my leaving McFarland, a word or even a look passed between us which I should not be glad if all the world had seen and heard. On the day of separation, February 21st, 1867, Richardson told Mrs. McFarland: "This is a matter in which I cannot advise you, but whatever you do I shall be glad to help you in."

During the long time, almost three years, that ensued between my former separation from McFarland and my legal divorce, my acquaintance with Mr. Richardson had been most carefully guarded, and during all my stay in Indiana, and in all his frequent journeys West, I never saw him once, and he carefully avoided passing through the city where I stopped, to give no shade of a cause for scandal.

On the 31st of October, 1869, I came home. On November 17, 1869, Mr. Richardson came to his mother's house, in Midway, to thanksgiving. On thanksgiving eve I met him in the railroad station. He came from his mother, whose youngest son he was.

For the first time since he was shot in 1867, I looked arms with him in the street. In all that time we had entered no place of amusement together, and had only once met incidentally at an evening party at the house of a mutual friend.

On the day after thanksgiving, Mr. Richardson went back to New York. Nothing definite was planned about our fu-

ture. Just a week after he left, a dispatch came that he was mortally hurt, and I came to New York to nurse him until he died.

When I came, he asked me if there should seem at any time to be no hopes of his recovery, if I would marry him at once, and I said I would. We decided to wait till he recovered. I supposed he wished to be married that I might have a firmer right to take charge in rearing his three orphan children, and because he could die more peaceful, having made me his wife. If I had ten thousand lives I should have been more than glad to have given them up for him who was dying for the crime of having loved me, and his lightest wish in the matter would have weighed with me against all other motives in the world.

So when it became plain that he must go away from all the hearts that yearned to hold him here, we were married. Albert D. Richardson, in a letter to Junius Henri Browne, dated December 1, 1867, says: "Should the madman who has once attempted my life, and who shows symptoms of renewing his attempt, succeed in killing me, as he has threatened, please set forth some of the facts, for the sake of the lady they involve, and of my own children, so that they may see that my conduct has left them nothing to blush for."

(COMMUNICATED.)  
Mobocracy in Roane.

LEWIS, TENN., May 10th, 1870.

EDITORS CHRONICLE: A quiet young man and unoffending citizen, a son of Mr. Thomas Russell, the Postmaster of our town, was attacked on the platform of the drug store of Blair & Cannon, by one—Loudermilk and two others in company—Tucker and Sam Toliver. The latter was in the rebel army, and the others rebels. Young Russell crossed the mountains into Kentucky with his father during the war. Russell, without any knowledge of a preconcerted attack being attempted, passed out of the door upon the platform, and when walking near the end of the platform, was followed by Loudermilk, who drew about a two-pound rock from his pocket and struck him between the shoulders, near the nape of the neck, knocking him down off the platform; he then drew a pistol, and pointing it at Russell swore he would shoot him, but was prevented. Young Russell was lifted up by his friends, but was unable to sustain himself from the severity of the blow. Though on the streets now, he is still suffering from the injury received.

Loudermilk and his party immediately left town, in a very defiant, uproarious and threatening manner, hurrahing for Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy, damning the United States Government and laws, and firing a number of pistol shots, some of them into the yards of private residences, thereby endangering the lives of women and children. As they passed the residence of Russell's father, they swore they had done the job for one d—d Radical, and they would serve more in the same way. They left, unmolested, for their homes near Pond Creek.

The next day Mr. McElhany, an officer, and three resolute citizens as guards, went for their arrest. They came upon Tucker and Toliver, arrested them, and leaving one guard with each of them, proceeded to arrest Loudermilk, whose house was near by. A citizen and friend of Loudermilk's learning the facts, mounted a horse and preceded the guard at fast speed, and notified Loudermilk to make his escape, which he did. When they returned to where they had left the prisoners, they found that the guard had been overpowered and the prisoners released, by friends coming to their rescue, placing pistols in their hands, and urging them to shoot the guards. They are still at large as outlaws, and are protected violators of the safety, life and liberty of loyal and law-abiding citizens.

On the above outrage I leave the reader to make his own commentaries; to reflect honestly and dispassionately, and ask himself the question, which, under the present regime—with the amended and vitiated laws upon the statute-book—is most respected, statute or mob law? "Argumentum baculum."

I have no doubt the journals who advocate the present party in power in Tennessee, will be somewhat exercised on reading the above outrage, and probably will caricature it as a chimera of the brain, a "mare's nest," or a raw head and bloody bones, to divert public attention from the prevalence of this and similar crimes.

In conclusion, I would remark, if necessary to dispel any doubts that may be attempted to be created as to the outrage and facts above, irreproachable names can be appended.

PUBLIUS.

THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—Place a young lady under the care of a kind-hearted, graceful woman, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows to a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straight-forward business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, scenes, and action always impress them. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, not by stern example alone, but in the thousand other ways that speak through bright scenes, soft utterance and pretty pictures, so will they grow. Teach your children to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers, encourage them to put in shape the hanging baskets, allow them to have their favorite trees, lead them to wander in the prettiest wood-lots, show them where they can best view the sunset, rouse them in the morning, not with the stern "time to work," but with the enthusiastic "see the beautiful sunrise!" buy for them pretty pictures and encourage them to decorate their rooms, each in his or her childish way. The instinct is in them. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege and they will make your homes beautiful.

An Oregon lady, who had a grievance against a school teacher, recently gave him a sound horsewhipping. Being arrested she pleaded guilty of "trying to beat a little sense into the head of a fool." The Justice fined her \$15, which she, thinking it too much for trying to beat a little sense into the head of a fool, steadily refuses to pay, as thus the matter rests.

Hon. Gustavus A. Henry is seriously ill at his home in Clarksville.

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We keep constantly on hand every variety

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Together with

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And everything needed in Dyeing.

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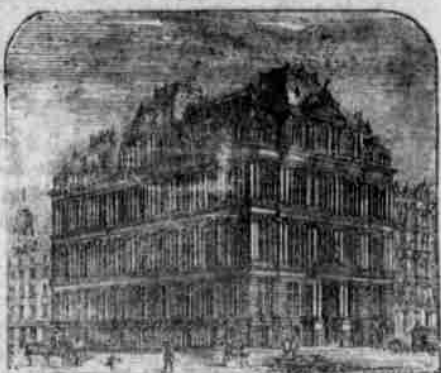
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April 6th

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April 6th

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